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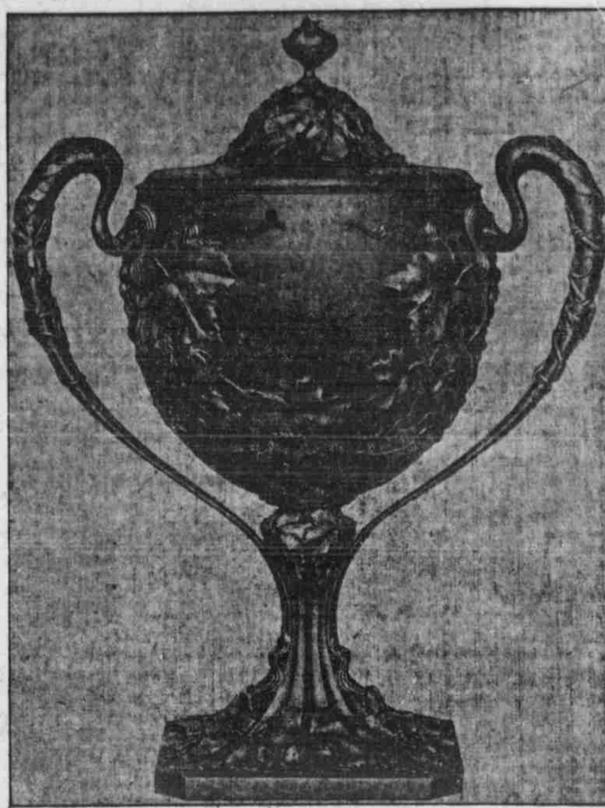
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WHEN WE DELIVERED IT

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### MUCK RAKE IN THE BIBLE

First Mentioned There as One of the Afflictions of Job.

### VANITY A CAUSE OF THE DISEASE

But Their Was an Elihu Even Then to Answer the Muckrakers, Edward W. Townsend Points Out.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—There has recently been organized in Montclair an informal little club known as the Fellowship Circle. It is composed of about twenty men who are publishers, authors, newspaper men and illustrators, and the club meets once a month at the house of some one of its members.

At the last meeting of the club, which was held at the home of Dr. Arthur E. Boetwick, the subject for discussion was "Yellow Journalism." Edward W. Townsend read the following novel contribution to the history of muckraking:

The evening's subject, as announced, is "Yellow Journalism and the Muckraking Magazines." This seems to be a compound subject, yet easily resolves itself into a simple one, for as I understand the matter, a yellow journalist is a muckraker who has become a magazineist.

The muckraker is doubtless as old as civilization, but the first mention of him I have encountered is in a Hebrew poem known to us as the Book of Job. The hero was a man whose excellence would have occasioned the muckraker, if none existed before his time, because "that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil."

With such an enticing target could the devil have failed to create a muckraker for his special undoing? I think not. He was a perfect and upright, therefore the vanity of the imperfect and unfair rose up against him—the muckraker came forth.

The first muckraker to interview Job said to him: "If we essay to commune with thee wilt thou be grieved?" but who can withhold himself from speaking?

It is no wonder that Job was discomfited when he encountered a man who could not be withheld from speaking, even when he had nothing to say which any one would want to hear, and that the perfect man said in his bewilderment: "Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass? or loweth the ox over his fodder?" It was after the first muckraker had his business with Job that the perfect man was moved to ask: "How forcible are thy words! But what doth your raviner reprove?"

Simple soul! He supposed that the

man who speaks the language of reproof has something to reprove. But remember, Eliphaz was the first muckraker Job had encountered, and he was not yet familiar with the devices of the tribe.

He got to know them better when he had been "exposed" by others, by Bildad and by Zophar. It was Zophar, by the way, who wrung the observation out of Job: "Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble; and later, when the muckrakers had struck their gait, the perfect man was goaded to exclaim: "Miserable comforters are ye all!"

He proceeds to consider muckraking in language which seems to me to have a present day application. "Shall vain words have an end?" he asks; and finding that there is to be no end he continues, hoping to shut up his comforters, at least while he himself has the floor: "I could speak as ye do; if your soul were in my soul's stead I could heap up words against you, and shake mine head at you. He hath made me weary; and thou hast filled me with wrinkles. God hath delivered me to the ungodly, and turned me into the hands of the wicked. How long will ye vex my soul, and break me in pieces with words? These ten times ye have reproached me; ye are not ashamed that ye make yourselves strange to me—if, indeed, ye will magnify yourselves!"

Right there Job was getting on to their job; they were all out to magnify themselves.

"How oft is the candle of the wicked put out?" he asks at last, granting, for the sake of argument, that he is wicked, and that the muckrakers are trying to put out his candle. As to that, neither Zophar nor Bildad nor Eliphaz gave answer.

They couldn't. It wasn't in their contract to answer. They were not trying to put out anybody's candle, but merely trimming it, that it might give light enough to warrant their calling it a horrible conflagration.

"So these three men ceased to answer Job," says our author, and adds: "Then was kindled the wrath of Elihu, the Buzite, because they had found no answer, and yet had condemned Job."

I refer you to the early verses of the thirty-second chapter of Job for the interesting evidence that even in the days of the ancient Hebrew poets, an Elihu, a Buzite, was put forward to give answer when the muck rakers could not justify their rakings. There is nothing new under the present administration. Elihu was always on hand to speak when a Buzite was needed to say a few words to muck raking comforters.

We may discover by searching other books of the same unimpeachable authority as that already quoted by what symptoms we can safely diagnose the disease of muck raking. It is vanity. There can be no doubt about that.

An abnormally vain man is a potential muck raker, and should at once be isolated and severely flogged. Notoriety is as the breath of their nostrils; more so, even, than it is of a word; though, doubtless, the vanity of the muck raker is fertilized by the price he receives for exploiting his disease.

The Psalmist says: "Surely, men of low degree are vainly," and in Zechariah we read: "For the idols have spoken vanity, and the diviners have seen a lie, and have told false dreams; they comfort in vain." Indeed, we could weary ourselves multiplying assertions found in the Bible that the muck raker is a vain person—if it were possible to weary of searching that book.

A few more verses will show the curious fact that vanity is at once the cause and the symptom of the disease of those we find described in Psalms as "the wicked who go astray as soon as they are born, speaking lies." We find the whole tribe of muck rakers described in Isaiah thus: "None callest for justice, nor any pleadeth for truth; they trust in vanity and speak lies;

they conceive mischief, and bring forth iniquity." Again, in Ezekiel: "Because ye have spoken vanity and seen lies, therefore, behold, I am against you. And my hand shall be upon the prophets who see vanity and that divine lies."

As I understand Ezekiel, the muck raker sees vanity because it is a palpable effluvia rising like a mist out of his own heart, and making his vision murky.

Excellent Jeremiah said of them: "And they bend their tongue like their bow for lies; but they are not valiant for the truth upon the earth." The book points out that the muck rakers' industry is not cheerful, but by themselves. In Ezekiel his is stated with admirable clearness, thus: "Behold the righteous sad, whom I have not made sad."

This thought leads us from the moral to the commercial aspect of muck raking. Nothing in magazine journalism which is cheerless can permanently succeed unless it chances to be well written, and their most shameless apologist has never said that a muck raker could write well.

No magazine proprietor would indulge in even a natural propensity for muck raking if he thought it were immoral—and I have proved that it is immoral by authorities which magazine proprietors and editors would have obeyed if they had heard of them before now. No; I speak of the commercial aspect, assuming that it has been considered heretofore by those who believed the industry moral.

God did not make me sad; and the measure of our littleness compared with His infinite greatness is manifest in one respect, in that, while God did not design us to be sad, some men in all ages have endeavored to make us so. To this ungodly class the muck raker essentially belongs.

It is godlike to be cheerful, and it is thus the instinct of honest men; but to the muck raker it is natural to attract attention from the general, and is therefore disesteemed by the muck raker. But with malicious premeditation to set about the task of making people sad will gain notoriety which, to the vain, is a welcome escape from lives of concealed uselessness.

"If we cannot be known for doing well, at least let us be known for doing ill," they shriek, "and set the saddening muck rake flying."

The born muck raker cannot endure to waste his equivalent for fragrance on the desert air; it must be wafted in the market place, no matter how it offends the nostrils of the people. At least the people know it is there, though they suffer in the knowledge. No muck raker ever perished from excess of decency.

So, we ask, is it commercially wise for a magazine to do that which though it momentarily attracts attention does it only to sadden? Attention, as it is interpreted by the muck raker and his publisher, is success. But an attention which has in it the force of repulsion is as unprofitable as the dream stolen from the owl; the awakening comes not alone with a sore heart, which can be hidden, but also with a sure head, which advertises itself.

To reduce our figure to literal speech, the magazine which attracts attention, that is, readers and advertisers, by making disorderly noises in bad company is preparing for itself a lodge in some vast wilderness, where it will circulate only among carrion birds and carry no advertisements except of disinfectants. Healthy readers rebel when they realize that the cause of their sadness while reading a magazine is a bad smell, and that they are not suffering from any complaint which a bad smell will cure.

The muckraker is a poor judge of human nature; he does not discriminate in his use of the evil which is in man. In that respect he is less crafty than the blackmailer, who preys by his knowledge that there always are men who will pay to keep some muck out of print. So, I ask, is it even good busi-

ness to print muck? I think not.

The mills are grinding into pulp the paper on which were printed "The Treason of the Senate," "The Shame of the Cities," "The Crime of Frenzied Finance," reprinting of "Don Quixote," "The Pickwick Papers," "The Biglow Papers."

Having disposed of the subject morally and commercially, we have only to consider it politically. Is it good politics to print muck? No; it's rotten!

Some one has said that he would rather live under a government by the press than under a government without a press. I agree. I believe that a majority of our law makers, our law executives, our law enforcers on the bench, are honest; but the machinery which put them in office is not in honest hands; and the minority

among them is dishonest—and clever.

The press, which is cheerfully alive to the fact that more honest men than rogues are in office, which is alert to the evil devices of the rogues, as well as to the good intentions of the honest; the press which sees and approves the efforts for good government, while it exposes the effort to do ill, that press is vitally necessary to our government.

But the muckraker would destroy that government which the honest press preserves. He does not search for the good to commend, but only for the evil to condemn; he does not instruct when the honest majority is beleaguered by the dishonest minority, but shouts that all are dishonest and discourages those who strive to do well; he does not exercise his ability, does not take advantage of his opportunity to ap-

plaud the good but only to distort every appearance of evil into proof that all is evil. He is feeding his vanity with muck, not his readers with truth.

He would if he had the power tear down our government, for his measures are neither remedial nor constructive. He is a false prophet, who, like those spoken of in Isaiah, believes: "When the overthrowing scourge shall pass through it shall not come unto us, for we have made lies our refuge."

Let them, then, mock and laugh at this man's woes; let them, then, mock when they who did not care to see him living, in the need of way May grieve that he is dead; for still the base

In purpose never know the good they have. Until they lose it. After all, my friends, I believe my deap-

est quarrel with the muckrakers is that they are such a saddening lot. I never wearied myself seeking to chastise sin; it usually finds its punishment without my aid, I notice; yet I would like to help scourge the muckrakers because they have sought to sadden the world.

It is an excellent place of residence with every modern convenience, light, air, an uplifting view, with good society; and seems especially designed for cheerful souls. And so it would be always were it not for the muckraker. Let us rejoice that it is so; most of the time, in spite of him.

Naturally a girl would rather be beautiful than intellectual. There are more stupid men in the world than blind ones.

## Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid

### Plantation Day Wedding.

ME of the largest weddings ever held in North Carolina took place at Spray when Miss Gray Morehead, daughter of Major and Mrs. J. Turner Morehead of New York, and granddaughter of the late Governor Morehead of North Carolina, was married to Mr. Robert Lewis Parrish of Covington, Va. Two thousand invitations have been issued for the event.

The wedding took place in the house which has been in the family possession for years, the birthplace of Miss Morehead, and is now occupied by relatives, Mr. and Mrs. B. Frank Mebane. Owing to the prominence of the Morehead family great preparations were made for the event. Seven houses, with the respective negro servants of each, with the respective friends for the entertainment of the wedding guests.

Plans for an old fashioned Southern country wedding were carried out to the letter. The house was trimmed with a profusion of Virginia smlax and American Beauty roses. The ceremony was performed at 9 o'clock.

A supper was served to nearly 1,000 guests, followed by dancing and later by a Virginia reel, in which four generations of the Morehead family participated.

### Wedding Without Romance.

As the result of F. D. Marvin, county superintendent of the poor, Traverses City, Mich., resolving himself into a matrimonial agency, Peter Schofield of Buckley and Mrs. Christina Weese of Traverses City were married.

Mrs. Weese was divorced a short time ago and has been drifting toward the poor-house, aid having been given her by the county. The superintendent knew that Mr. Schofield wanted a housekeeper and wanted one badly; that he was willing to marry one, so he brought the couple together.

At the meeting cold facts alone figured, the groom's farm, two lots in Buckley and personal property being a great factor. Mrs. Weese had had experience with the fickleness of men, so she looked the ground over carefully, going to Buckley for the purpose. Then she asked for time to think it over.

In the meantime two other women got wise and going to Buckley wood shofelt in such an arduous manner that he was frightened. When he was "around they were perfect doves, but when he left the house they met in a hand-to-hand encounter and were separated by him.

In a spirit of revenge one is said to have filled her valise with silverware on her departure and an officer was required to make her give it up. Schofield was attracted by Mrs. Weese,

however, and concluded to take her. The climax came when he found that she did not have money enough to pay the attorney who secured her divorce, so the prospective groom strolled out the necessary \$20 as first payment on his wife.

### For the Fifth Time.

Robert J. Burkett and Hannah M. Burkett, who lived on a ranch north of Lander, Wyo., have just been married for the fifth time, having been divorced four times since they first became husband and wife, twenty odd years ago.

Within six months after their first marriage in Montana, Mrs. Burkett divorced her husband on the ground of cruelty. Within a year they remarried, quarreled soon after the second marriage, and Mrs. Burkett left her husband, who obtained a divorce on the ground of desertion.

The next divorce was obtained by the wife on the ground of desertion and non-support. The last divorce was obtained by the husband on the ground of desertion.

### Win Brides and Case.

Cupid's first venture in "bookmaking" has gone on record with the double elopement of four Chicago young persons and proved to be such a financial success that for a week the sloppers have been enjoying an expensive honeymoon of the proceeds.

The novel idea of getting married as a financial venture, relates the Chicago Tribune, was conceived by Fred Creighton, 19 years of age, and netted \$15,000 clear-money, at various odds. His bride was Miss Blanche Mitmore, aged 13.

When Creighton and his bride told of their plans to his chum, William Bokhardt, 20 years old, whose father runs the Walton garage, Walton Place and North State street, and whose sweetheart was Ruby Mitmore, the 15-year-old sister of Creighton's bride, the plans were soon laid in real romance fashion. They all would elope in an automobile to be furnished by Bokhardt.

The four were married with a double wedding, January 19, in Crown Point, Ind., by Judge Nicholson, and after a week's honeymoon they returned to Chicago.

The plans as formed were carried out to the letter. The one trouble in the course of true love only tended to give a little more romantic savor to the escapade. That was that when within three and a half miles of Crown Point the automobile broke down. The journey was finished on foot, but within the given time necessary to win the \$150 in bets arranged by Creighton.

The story as a whole makes the average paper back love story look dull and uneventful. To begin with, Creighton is only an office boy for Dr. T. S. Green, Dr. W.

J. Mitchell and Dr. Fred A. Bissett, all of whom have offices adjoining one another at 399 Cottage Grove avenue. He is strenuous, for, besides looking after his work as office boy, he has been attending the Wendell Phillips High school of mornings, was an usher evenings at the Studebaker theater, and on the side found time for courting Miss Mitmore.

"Well, I was driven to it," was the explanation of young Creighton last evening, shortly after the quartet had arrived in Chicago. "The doctors jollied the life out of me for trying to court a girl and keep up with all my other duties, and said they'd bet I'd never win her. When they talked of betting it looked like easy money for me, because I thought I knew pretty nearly how I stood in Miss Mitmore's good graces I asked them how much they'd bet."

"That only encouraged them, and they said they'd make it ten to five. I said I'd take them up and limit the time to forty-eight hours. Then all the rest of my friends who heard of my bet wanted to game. I talked it over with Miss Mit-

more, and she said she was ready any old time. I figured out it was \$100 clear money, and have collected the cash."

Wedded in Trolley Car. A novel ceremony was performed in Jackson, Miss., when Miss Maud Smith became the wife of Meady Pierce. After securing a marriage license the prospective bridegroom negotiated with a magistrate to meet him at a designated corner and accompany him on a street car ride.

The accommodating justice did so and after boarding the car was introduced to Miss Smith and informed that they desired to have a marriage ceremony performed then and there.

This was a little out of the ordinary, but the justice, still accommodating, made his preparations for tying the nuptial knot while the car speeded onward. Just before reaching the end of the track the couple announced that they were ready and, standing in the center of the car, were soon as tightly tied as if the ceremony had been performed in the biggest and most elaborately decorated church in America.

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